

CANDY

JUNE No.10

10¢

WELL, TED, YOU
SAID YOU FELT AS
STRONG AS A
HORSE!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



The **BEST** costs you **LESS** at these
FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVINGS

Get De Luxe **SEAT COVERS**

Entire
SEAT
PROTECTED
Front
and
Back

Sleek!

Smartly
Trimmed
with
Richly Grained
LEATHERETTE

*Way
Below
Retail!*

Sturdy!

Money Saving!

JUST NAME THE CAR— WE HAVE THE COVERS

To Fit Every Popular Make
Auto—New or Old Models

FORD	PACKARD	STUDEBAKER
PLYMOUTH	FRAZER	OLDSMOBILE
DODGE	CADILLAC	BUICK
CHRYSLER	LA SALLE	HUDSON
PONTIAC	CHEVROLET	KAISER
MERCURY	DeSOTO	LINCOLN
WILLYS	NASH	LAFAYETTE
	TERRAPLANE	

EASY TO INSTALL— on all types and makes of cars!

Be sure to specify which type covers
you wish when you order. Note styles
illustrated below:



1. Solid back for 4-door
sedan—front or rear. Rear
for coach or coupe



2. Divided back, solid
seat for front coupe or
coach



3. Individual seats or
bucket type for divided
back and seat

\$3.98 for 3-passenger
solid back coupe,
or rear seat of
coach or sedan
FRONT SEAT COVER \$4.98
\$8.95 complete set of covers
for sedan or coach



**BUY DIRECT
AND SAVE
BY MAIL**

Our Factory-to-You
Prices Mean Guar-
anteed Savings

ACTUALLY THE VERY SAME MATERIAL USED IN COVERS SELLING UP TO \$25!

Our direct-factory prices offer you
tremendous savings. Richer! Stronger!
More Luxurious! GAYLARK'S
New Auto Seat Covers are TOPS in
quality, smart styling and value.
Stunning plaid designs in softly har-
monious multi-color weaves.

Every GAYLARK FIBRE Auto
Seat Cover is carefully finished with
elasticized slip-over sides for snug,
smooth fit. Just the handsome,
thoroughbred accent of elegance
your car deserves.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We insist—you must be entirely
100% satisfied, or your money will
be cheerfully refunded

SEND NO MONEY

GAYLARK PRODUCTS, Dept. HJ
615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Complete front and back covers \$8.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Front seat cover only \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3-pass. divided back coupe \$4.98 | My car is a 19.... Make..... |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3-pass. solid back coupe or rear seat of coach or sedan \$3.98 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Type 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Type 2 <input type="checkbox"/> Type 3 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2-door <input type="checkbox"/> 4-door |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rush postpaid—\$.....enclosed. | <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D. plus postage. |

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

- | |
|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wedge cushion to match, \$1.00 |

GAYLARK PRODUCTS 615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

CANDY



BUYING UP 200 PRINCE CHARMING COSTUMES! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, SINDBAD!

BUT MR. EEKIN... IT WAS A GOOD DEAL, I TELL YOU! I GOT THEM FOR ALMOST NOTHING AT ALL!

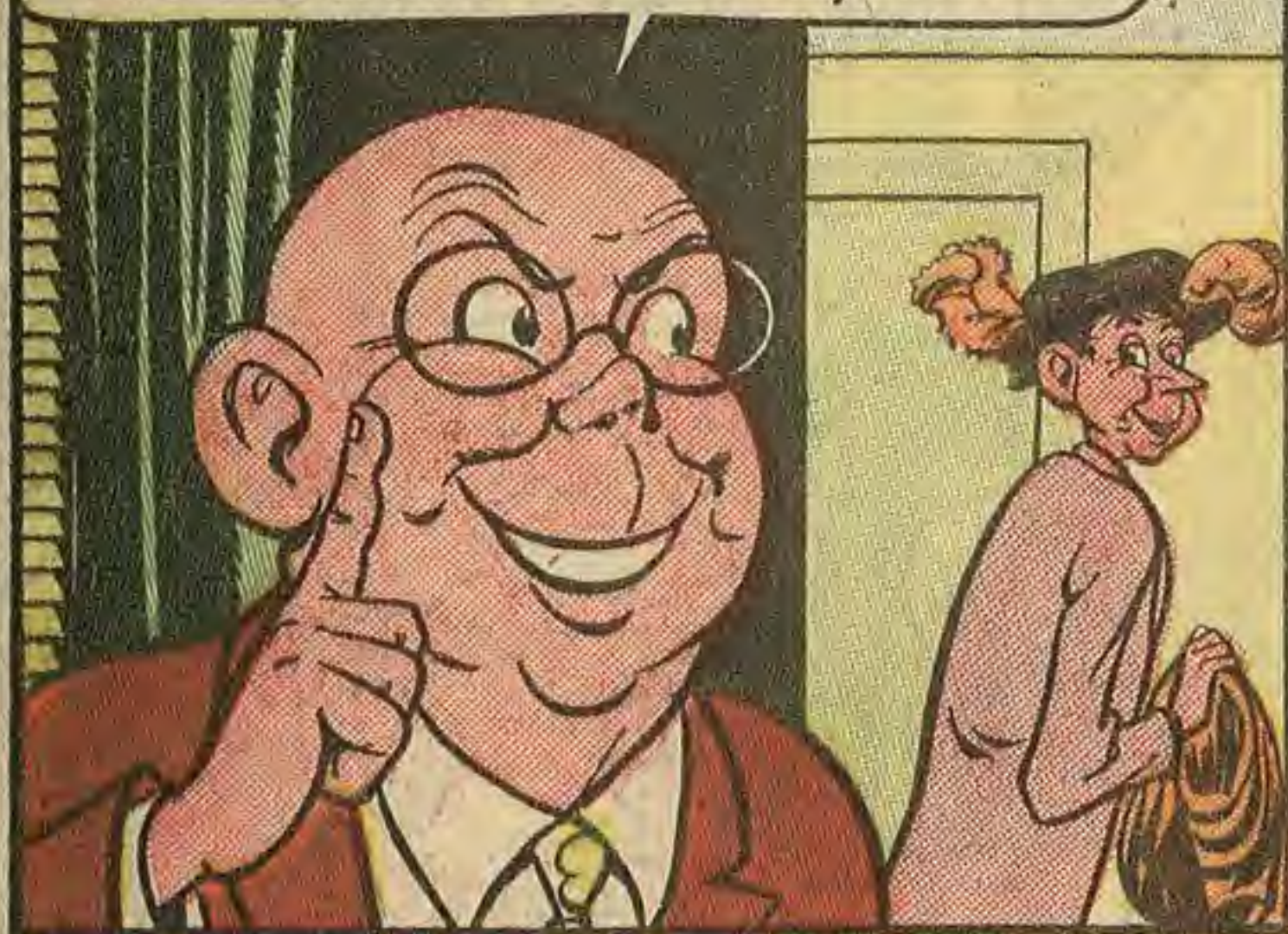
AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT *WE'LL* GET IF WE'RE STUCK WITH THEM! YOU'D BETTER THINK UP A SALES ANGLE FAST OR I'LL FIRE YOU ON THE SPOT!

I HAVE IT! HOW ABOUT A CINDERELLA BALL FOR THE TEEN-AGERS? ALL THE GIRLS COULD DRESS AS CINDERELLA AND THE BOYS AS PRINCE CHARMING!

EEKIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

I-I-I AM THINKING!

GREAT! NOT ONLY CAN WE UNLOAD THE JUNK YOU BOUGHT... WE CAN ALSO SELL THE *GIRLS* THEIR COSTUME MATERIAL! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU A RAISE SOMETIME, SINDBAD!



WE'LL BUILD THIS INTO A REAL PROMOTIONAL STUNT! MIGHT EVEN GET A MOVIE ACTOR AS GUEST OF HONOR! OF COURSE, HE MUSTN'T COST TOO MUCH!

MY WIFE'S COUSIN IS A MOVIE ACTOR, SIR! I THINK I COULD GET HIM CHEAP!



Next Day...

GREETINGS, CANDY! WHY ALL THE GLUM, CHUM?

HI, TED! JUST BORED WITH THE SAME OLD ROUTINE!



TAKE TINA NOW—SHE ALWAYS MANAGES TO KEEP HERSELF HOPPED UP OVER SOMETHING OR OTHER!

YOU TAKE HER—I DON'T WANT HER!



SALUTATIONS, KIDS! LAMP THE LATEST LOWDOWN!

LET ME SEE THAT, TINA!



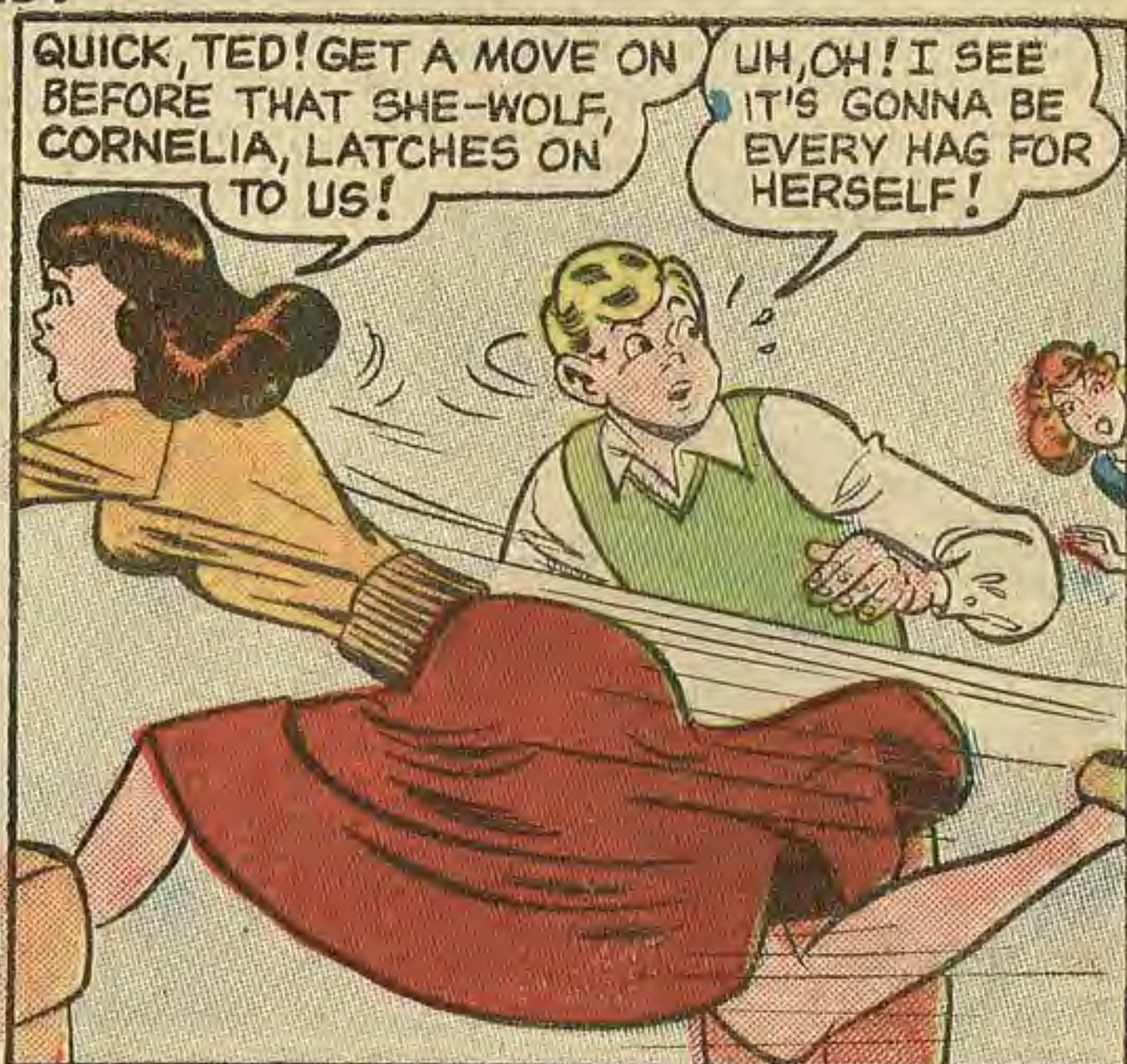
"AT GREAT EXPENSE, EEKIN'S IS IMPORTING A PROMINENT MOVIE STAR AS GUEST OF HONOR! THE LUCKY GIRL DANCING WITH HIM WHEN EVERYONE UNMASKS AT MID-NIGHT—"



"...WILL BE HIS PARTNER AT SUPPER!"

COME ON, ALL YOU CINDERELLAS AND PRINCE CHARMINGS! IT'S EEKIN'S FOR YOUR COSTUMES AND MATERIALS!

















CANDY

TINA,
WHY
THE CUPID
COSTUME?

THIS TIME I'M
GOING TO BE
DRESSED
FOR THE PART,
CANDY!



WHO'S DATING YOU
FOR THE SPRING
PROM, TINA?

HERBIE, THE SODA JERKER AT
THE SWEET SHOP! HE'S NOT
EXACTLY GLAMOUR STUFF,
CANDY,
BUT...

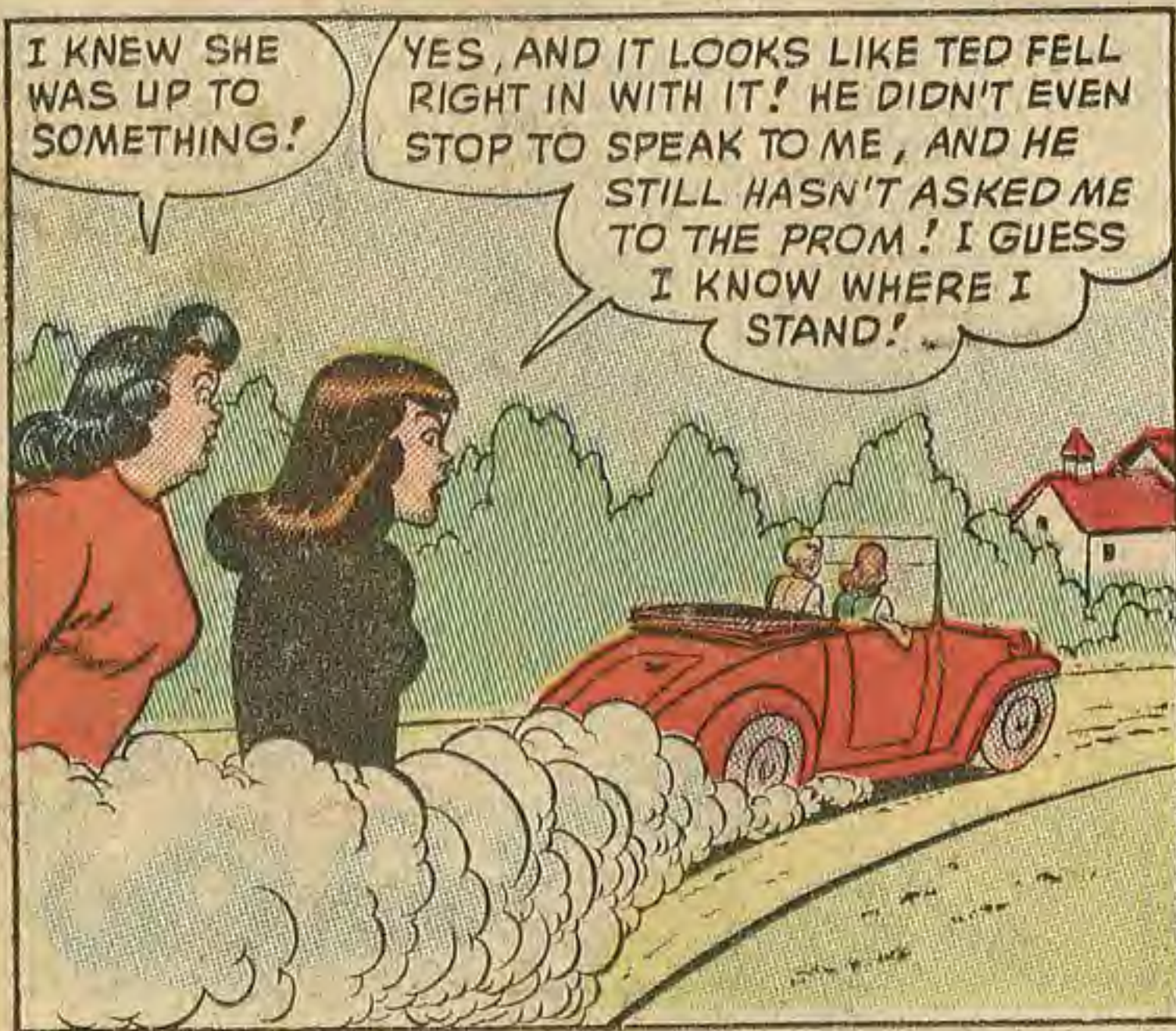
I THOUGHT
CORNELIA KEPT
HIM DANGLING AS
A SORT OF
SPARE!

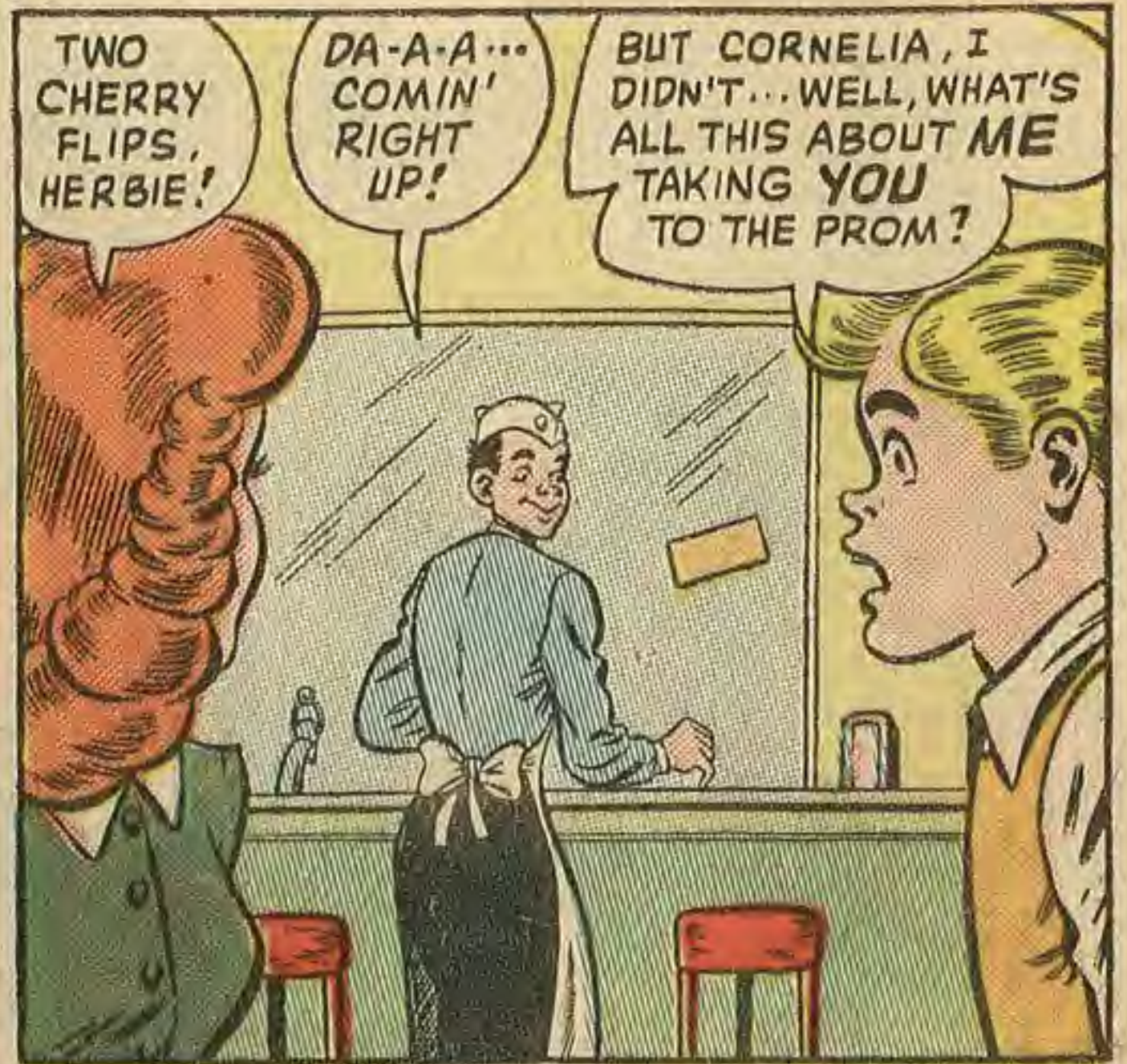
HARTWICK
HIGH
SCHOOL

















CANDY

JITTERS



Which twin has the FONI?

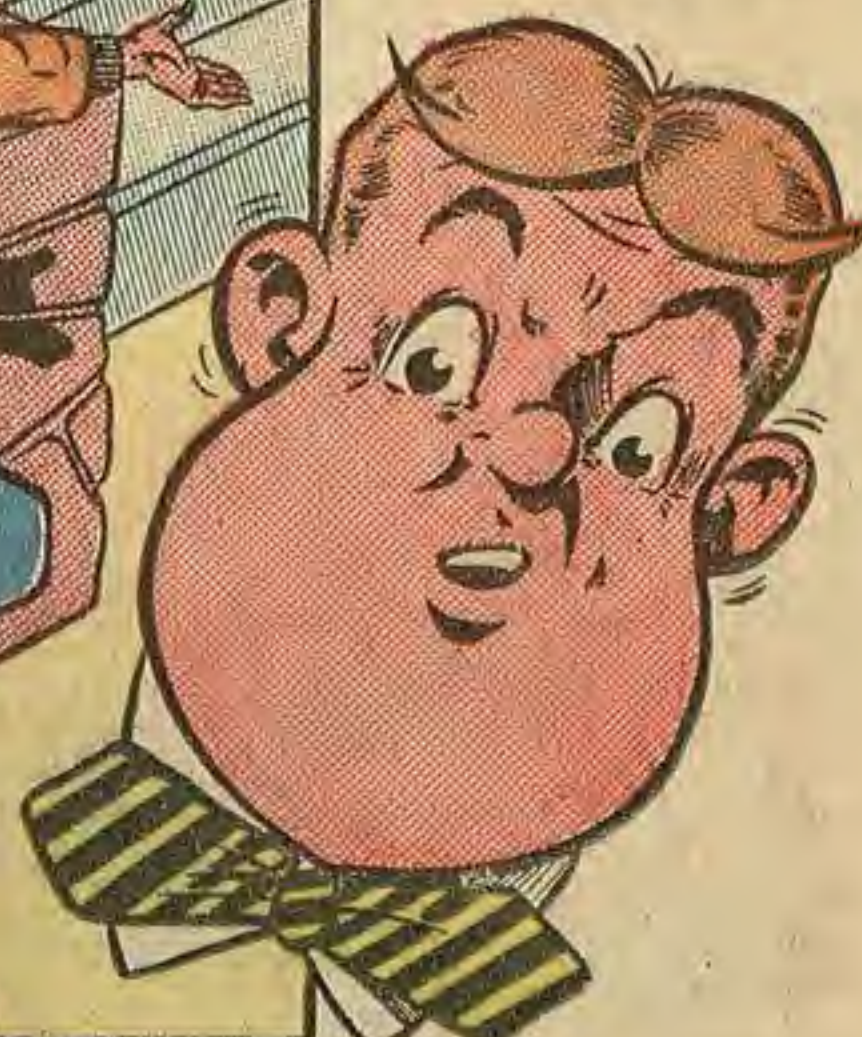
HEY, JITTERS!
LET'S GO OVER
TO ED'S FIZZ
SHOPPE AND
GET OUR
JOBS BACK
FOR THE
SUMMER!

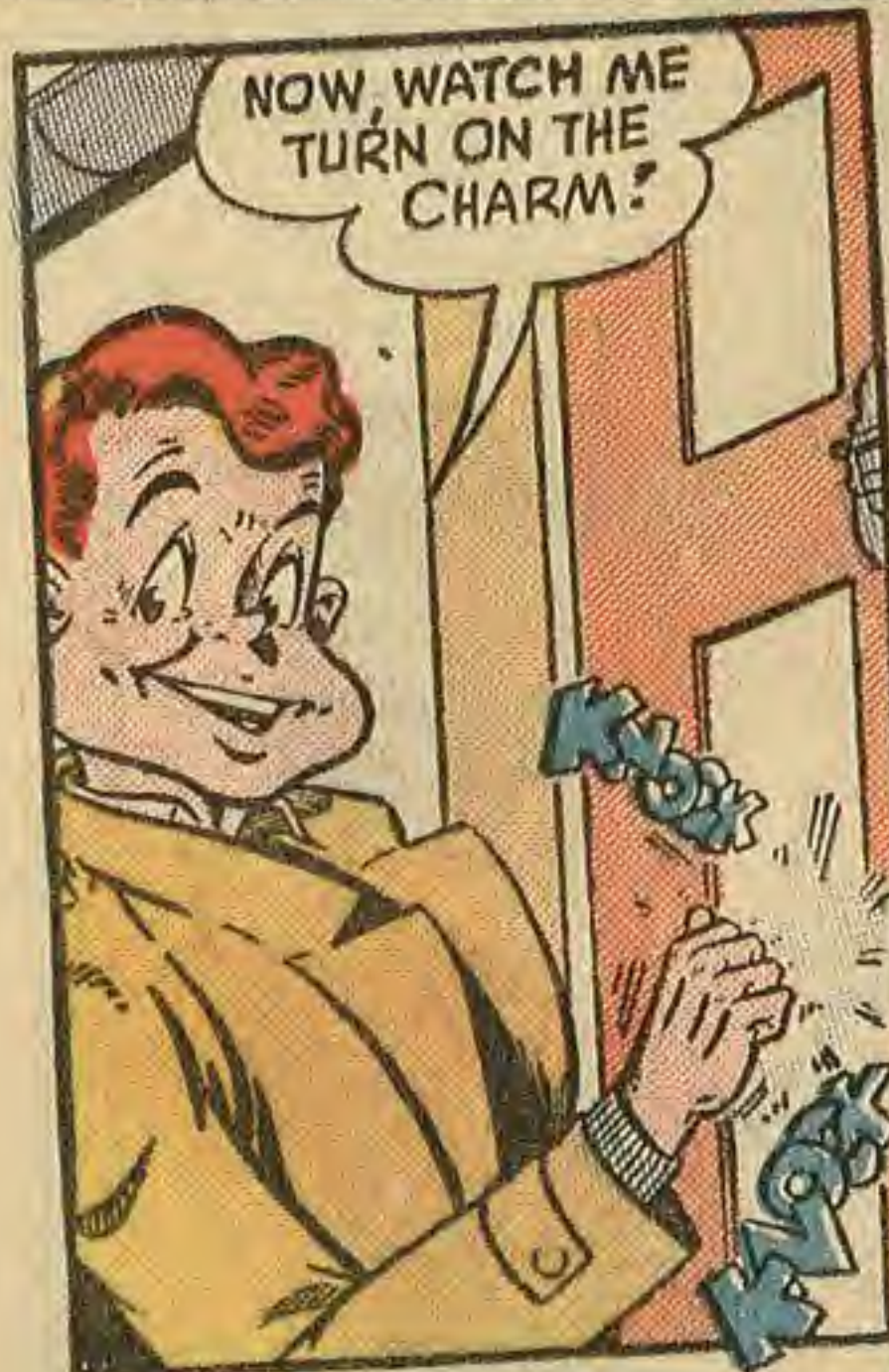
NOTHING DOING,
BUGS! THAT OLD
SKINFLINT'S BEEN
EXPLOITING US
LONG ENOUGH!

WHAT D'YA
MEAN? ED
PAID US EACH
12 BUCKS A
WEEK, AND ALL
THE SODAS WE
COULD DRINK!

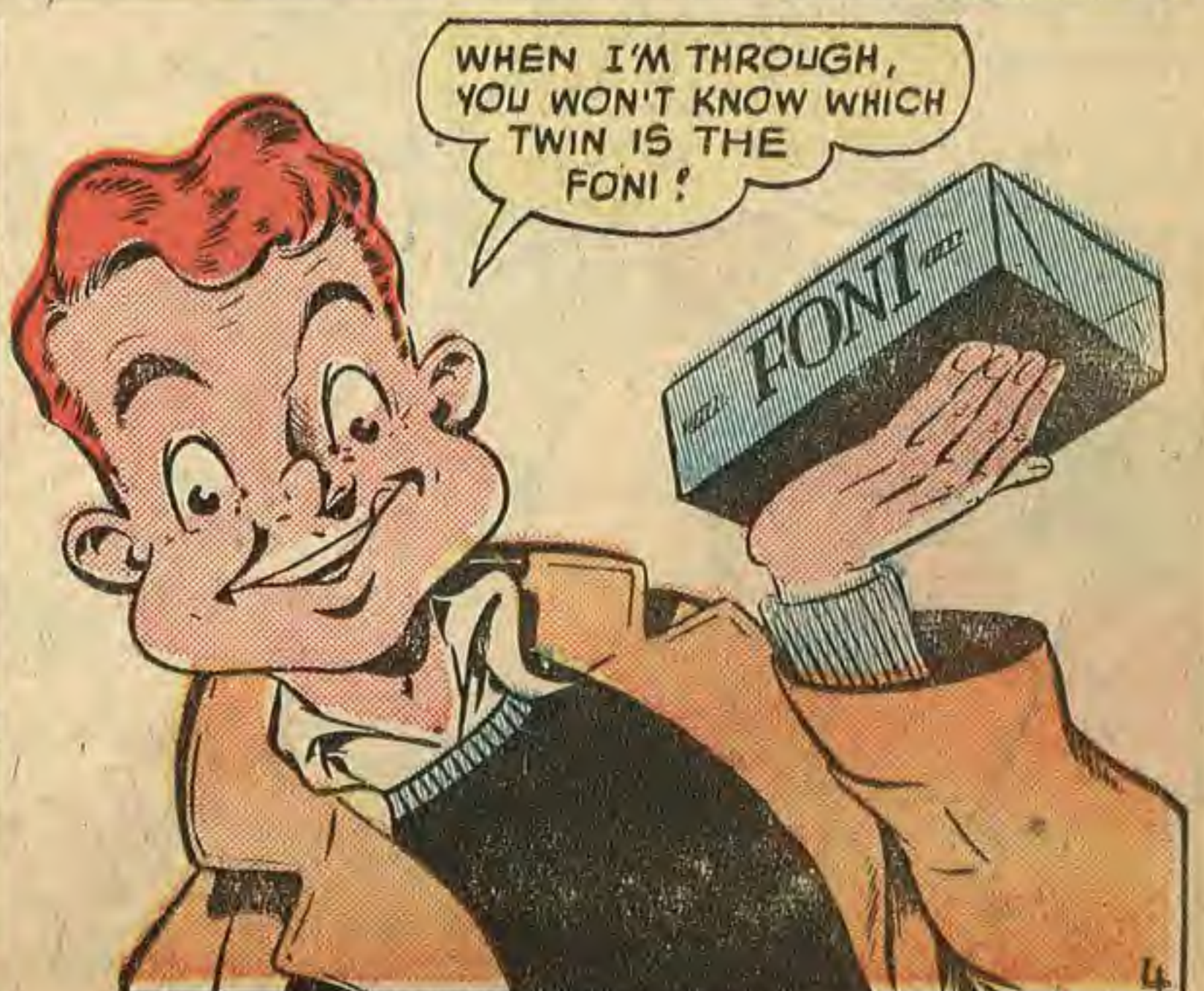
CHICKEN FEED! GET A
LOAD OF THIS: "ARE YOU
ACCUSTOMED
TO EARNING
\$100 A
WEEK?"

NO!











Surprised PARTIES

CANDY O'CONNOR pushed her half-finished breakfast away and prepared to rise. Her father regarded her quizzically from across the table and said, "Lost your appetite, Candy?"

"Sort of," Candy replied. "I have to do so much today that I hardly know where to begin. There's my dress to be pressed . . . my hair needs fixing, and a million other things."

"I hope you haven't made any plans for this evening," Mr. O'Connor said. "The Porters are going to the Gotham Theater with your mother and me. Mr. Porter's the manager of a factory where I get most of my electrical supplies."

"That's super, Daddy," said Candy, "but I don't see . . ."

"I'm coming to that," Mr. O'Connor went on. "Mr. Porter is leaving his six-months-old son, Tommy, here this evening. I'm afraid you're elected to serve as baby-sitter while we're gone."

"Oh, no, Daddy," Candy protested. "Not tonight of all times. I can't miss the Spring Festival Ball!"

"Sorry, Kitten," Mr. O'Connor said with a note of finality in his voice, "but business comes first. Besides," he continued, "there will be plenty of other dances."

"This is THE event of the season," Candy said woefully. "Couldn't you and mother entertain the Porters here at home? Then," she pointed out hopefully, "you wouldn't need a baby-sitter."

"I'm afraid not," her father replied. "I already have the tickets. You'll have to change your plans this once, Candy, for me."

"Very well, Father," Candy said dutifully, "if you insist. But I'll probably be a social outcast; and that she-wolf Cornelia will have every dance with Ted."

"Tell you what," Mr. O'Connor said, relenting a bit, "if you can get some responsible friend to take your place you can go to the dance."

"I don't think that will help much," Candy said uncertainly. "Everyone I know will be going to the dance . . . but, hmm . . . it's worth a try. Maybe Ted knows of someone. . . ."

An hour or so later Candy related her troubles to Ted as they left the O'Connor home. "So

you see, Ted," she concluded sadly, "if I can't get a standin for tonight our date is off."

"Gosh," Ted said ruefully, rubbing his head, "that's a rough order, sugar. I can't think of anybody. Even Orville has a date tonight and he's usually the last resort. Climb in the heap," he invited, as he pried open the jalopy's door, "we'll see if any of the gang has an idea."

Candy and Ted maintained a thoughtful silence during the bouncing, rattling ride to the Soda Shop. After parking the car they made their way into the fountain where the majority of their friends were gathered about tables, talking and consuming mountains of syrupy concoctions.

"Lend an ear, characters," Ted greeted them. "We need 2 volunteer baby-sitters for Candy tonight."

"I'd be glad to sit with Candy any time," Bill Lovejoy said with a grin. "That's my idea of combining business with pleasure."

"Not *with* Candy, you dope," Ted corrected. "We need somebody to take Candy's place as a sitter so she can go to the dance."

"Sorry, Dawson," Bill said, "I have a date with Cornelia."

"And you better not try to break it, Bill Lovejoy," Cornelia warned, looking up from her sundae, "or you'll really be sorry."

Turning to Candy, who sat down beside her, Trish said, "I wish I could help, Candy, but I just don't know of a soul. Everyone is going to the dance."

"There must be someone who would stay with Tommy," Candy said in desperation. "I simply can't miss the dance."

"Why don't you try the Baby-sitter's Agency?" Trish suggested.

"With what's left of my allowance," Candy said, "I wouldn't be able to hire one for five minutes."

"Come on, Candy," Ted said, rising and starting for the door. "I can scrape enough dough together to pay for a sitter, if they have one."

Candy and Ted headed for the Agency, located in the center of town. It was a short walk to the building, then up a flight of wooden stairs. The two entered a large, bare-looking

CANDY

room with benches along two walls and a counter extending from one wall to the other. An alert young man watched their approach with interest.

"We would like to hire a sitter for this evening," Candy said, as they reached the counter.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," the young man replied. "You have to make an appointment several days in advance. We have so many calls and so few sitters."

"Golly," Candy said, looking with wistful brown eyes at the young man, "if I can't get a sitter to take my place we won't be able to go to the Ball tonight at the Country Club. Can't you suggest something?"

"Er, not at the moment," the young man said, coloring slightly. "Your only possibility is if someone cancels his appointment. I'll be glad to see that you are first on my list."

"You're very kind," Candy said, lowering her gaze. "I just know you'll be able to find us a baby-sitter."

As they gained the street once more, Candy said to Ted, "Wasn't he nice?"

"Yeah," Ted said unenthusiastically, "too nice. I didn't like the personal interest he took in your problem. I don't think he had his mind on business."

They continued down the street, passing the Hartwick Costume Shop. Ted stopped and pointed toward the window. "It's too bad it isn't a costume ball," he said lightly. "Then you could rent that Indian squaw's outfit and strap little Tommy to your back like a papoose and take him to the dance."

"Don't be idiotic, Ted," Candy said with a frown. "That would mean I could only dance the slow numbers, so as not to wake him up."

While Ted and Candy started back to the car, Trish was holding council at the Soda Shop. "We can't let Candy down," she said seriously to the gathering. "We all know how much she wants to go to the dance. We simply must help her."

"I wish I could think of someone," Cuthbert said thoughtfully. "It seems that all of us put together could think of something."

"That's it," Trish said excitedly. "All of us can do something. We'll draw lots and each couple will spend an hour at Candy's house to act as baby-sitters. That way, none of us will miss more than an hour of the dance and still everyone will get to go."

It took little or no persuasion on Trish's part to get the rest of the crowd to accept her plan. "Good," Trish said finally. "I'll call Candy's

home so she will know about it. Then we can settle the times we are to be sitters."

When Candy reached home her mother met her at the door, saying, "We're ready to leave for Gotham City as soon as the Porters arrive, but I have good news for you: Trish called and said they have made arrangements to take turns at sitting with Tommy. I got a few things from the store and baked a cake so your friends will have refreshments while they are here."

"You're a darling, Mother," Candy said happily, throwing her arms about Mrs. O'Connor. "Now I'll have to hurry to get ready myself."

That evening Candy and Ted danced in silence to the uninspired music of the Country Club Orchestra. "It's funny," Ted said finally, "how much you look forward and plan for a dance and then it doesn't turn out to be any fun at all."

"I was thinking the same thing," Candy said. "We haven't seen any of our friends here in ages and it's almost eleven o'clock. We'll have to be going soon, to give Trish and Cuthbert time to get back for the last dance . . . let's go now."

When Candy and Ted reached the O'Connor house, all the downstairs lights were blazing brightly and sounds could be heard coming from within. "I hope there's nothing wrong with Tommy," Candy said worriedly. "I believe Trish would have called if there were."

Candy let herself into the living room and gasped. All their friends were there: some dancing to the radio; some on their way for more food, which was piled high on the dining room table; others sitting around and holding an animated conversation over the noise of the radio.

"Welcome home, Candy," Cuthbert called, as he saw her enter. "We all agreed the dance was dull, so instead of coming back after our turns at baby-sitting we decided to hold our own party here . . . some spread your mother fixed for us!"

"We were coming to get you," Trish explained, "but we knew you'd be along in a few minutes. Why not join your party?"

"This is more like it," Ted said to Candy, as they moved into the room. "These unplanned shindigs always turn out best . . . and it seems that when you needed a baby-sitter, pigeon, you really got results."

"I don't know whether it's a compliment to me or my mother's cooking," Candy said, with a puzzled smile.







MOMS, IT'S NOT THAT, REALLY! IT'S JUST THAT A SOPHISTICATED ATMOSPHERE WOULD BE SO EXCITING!

I'M SURE YOUR FATHER WILL MAKE IT EXCITING! EXCUSE ME WHILE I THUMB THROUGH MY DINNER GOWNS!

Later... THERE'S DADDY, NOW!

TIM, DINNER IS READY!

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, EH? I'M HUNGRY AS A BEAR, TOO!

SLAM!

COULD EAT A SIDE OF BEEF ALL BY MYSELF... SAY, WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHERE'S THE FOOD?

CANDACE IS THE COOK THIS EVENING, TIMOTHY!

THAT'S FINE, BUT I STILL WANT SOME FOOD! AND AGNES, WHY ARE YOU DECKED OUT LIKE A---A---

WELL... ER... I JUST KNOW YOU'LL BE SIMPLY MAD ABOUT MY PLAN, DADDY DEAR...

...AND WE'LL LIVE JUST AS THEY DO IN THE MOVIE, PATER!

PATER! SPLUTTER... AND I'M SUPPOSED TO EAT THIS RABBIT FOOD, DRESS LIKE A PALL-BEARER AND SPEAK WITH A BRITISH ACCENT, I SUPPOSE!

AGNES, I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY FOOD!

OF COURSE, DEAR, BUT WE MUST GO ALONG WITH THIS FOR AWHILE TO PROVE TO CANDY HOW FOOLISH THE WHOLE THING IS! THEN SHE'LL REALLY APPRECIATE HER HOME AND HER PARENTS!

AND I DO THINK WE COULD STAND A LITTLE SLIMMING DOWN, DON'T YOU?

HMM... I SUPPOSE I AM GETTING A LITTLE, ER... PLUMP HERE AND THERE!

Meanwhile...

TRISH, I THINK IT'S WORKING! MOMS DRESSED FOR DINNER AND DADDY ATE EVERY LAST SHRED OF THE SALAD! OF COURSE, THEY BOTH LOOKED A LITTLE HUNGRY AFTERWARDS!



MY FATHER WAS FURIOUS! BUT HE AGREED TO GO HORSEBACK RIDING TOMORROW! ISN'T THAT TOO THRILLING?

IT'S ATOMIC! I'LL SEE IF I CAN SUGGEST THE SAME TO DADDY... ER, PATER!



WOULDN'T YOU JUST LOVE TO GO HORSEBACK RIDING TOMORROW? TRISH'S FATHER IS, AND...

WHAT? I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A NAG IN TWENTY YEARS AND I DON'T INTEND TO GET ON ONE AGAIN!



I DON'T KNOW TRISH'S FATHER BUT HE MUST BE AN IDIOT TO LET HIS DAUGHTER TELL HIM WHAT TO DO!

WHY, TIM, YOU USED TO BE A WONDERFUL HORSEMAN!



I WAS? ER... I GUESS I WAS AT THAT!

HOW SIMPLY SUPER, DA...ER, PATER! MOMS CAN DO SOME REDUCING EXERCISES HERE AT HOME AND I'LL GO WITH YOU!



Next day...

HAVE TO KEEP UP MY STRENGTH IF I'M GOING RIDING TODAY!



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY "SLIMMING" BUT I JUST WON'T TELL TIM AND CANDY ABOUT IT!

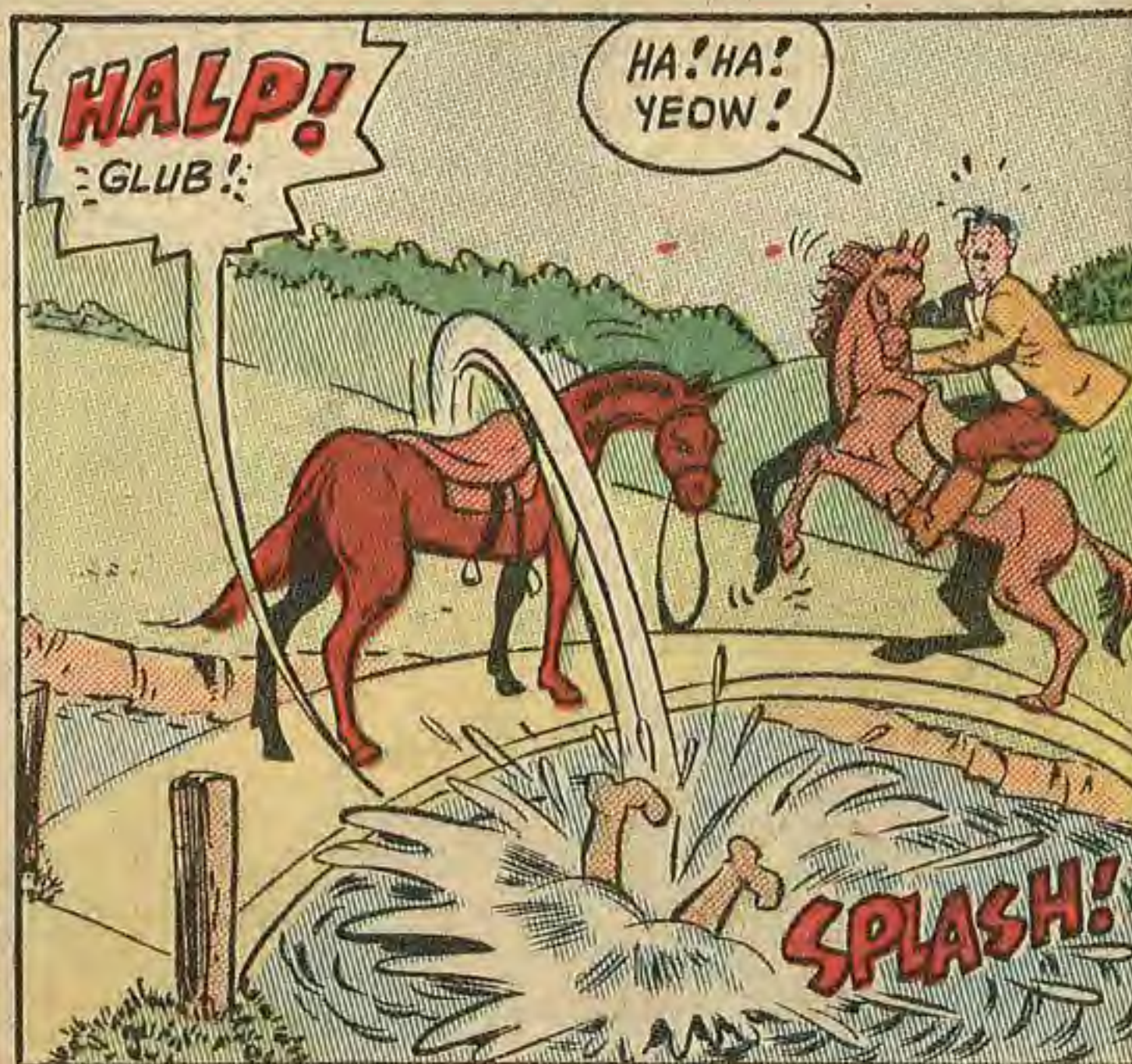
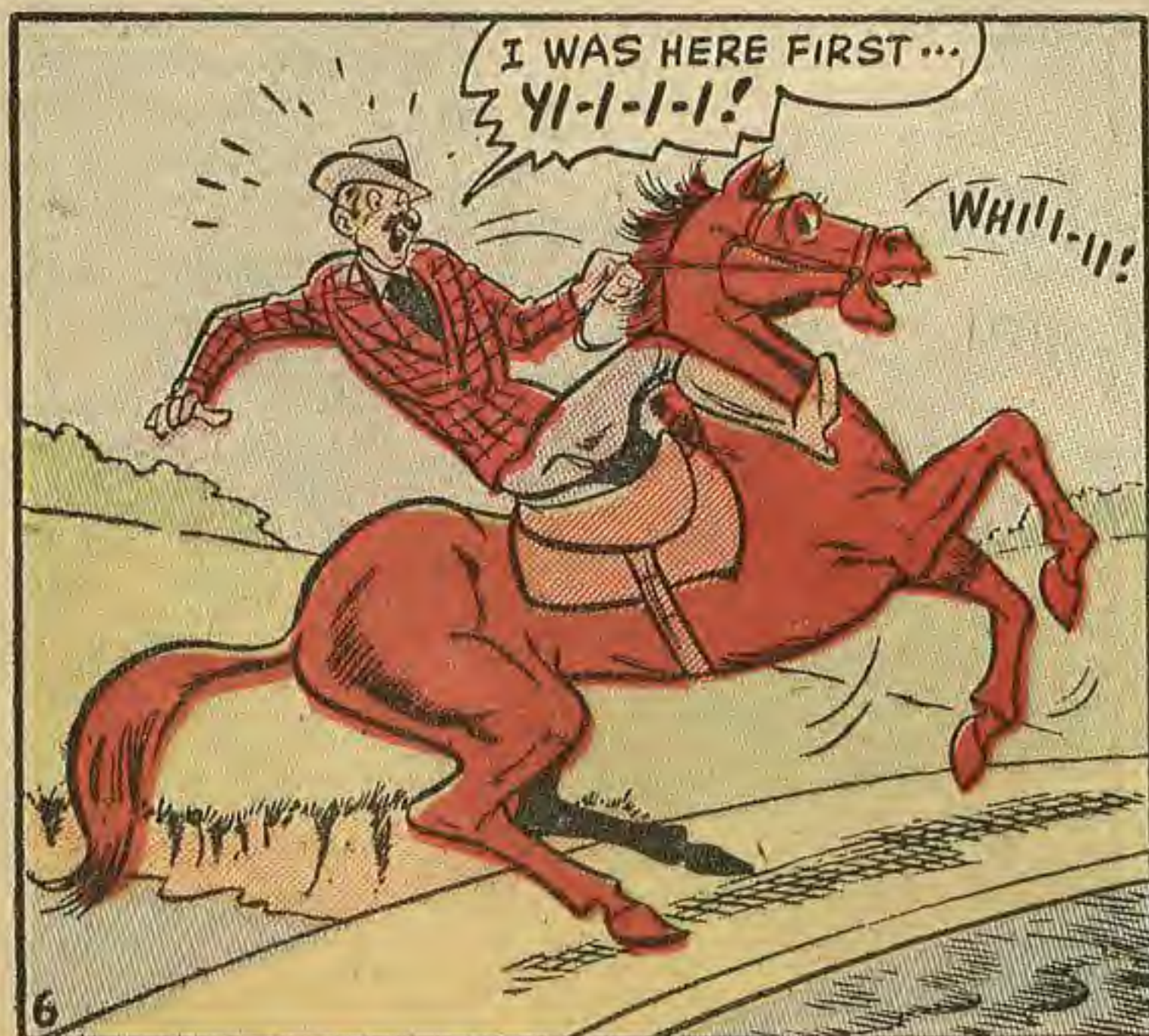
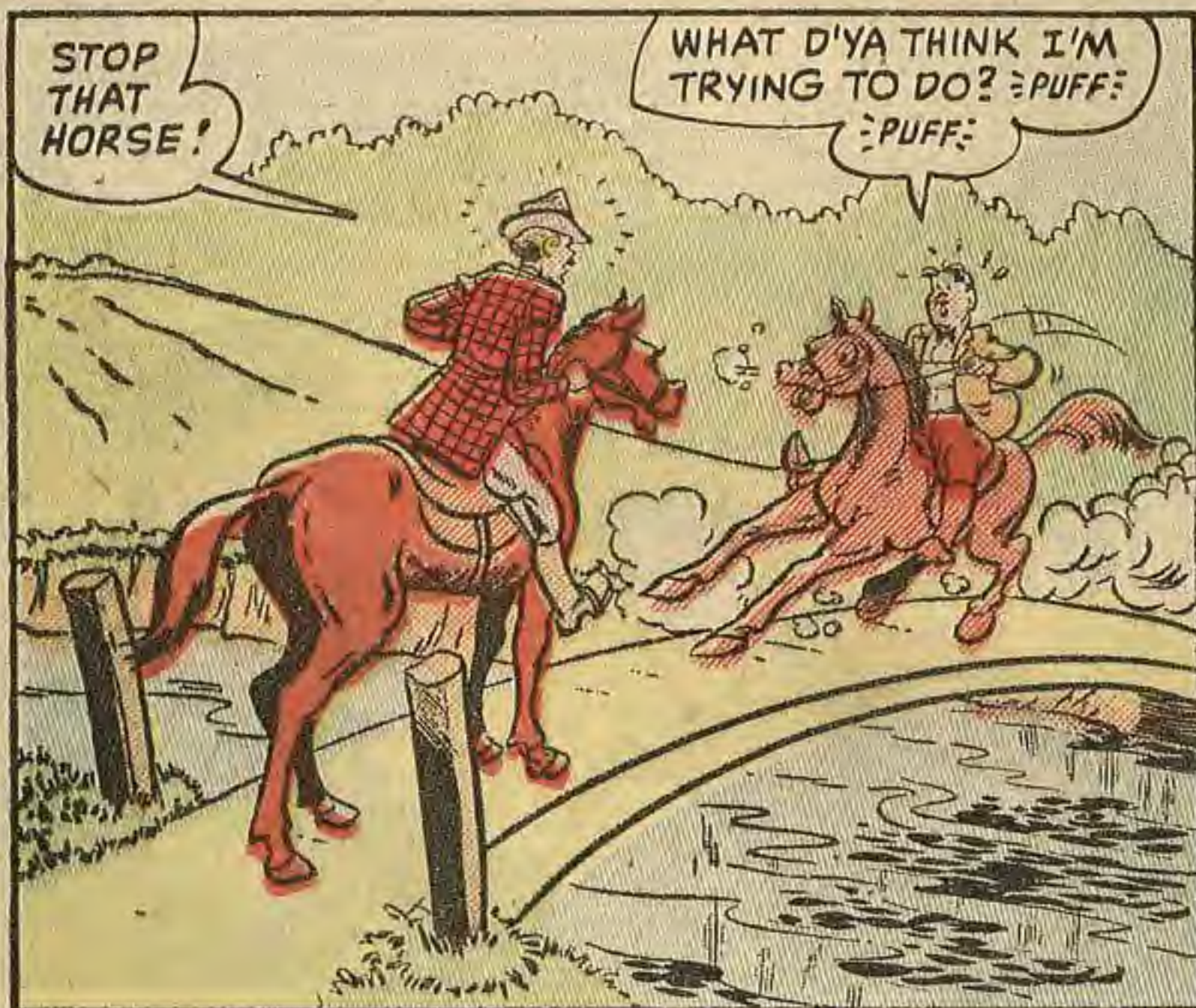


That afternoon...

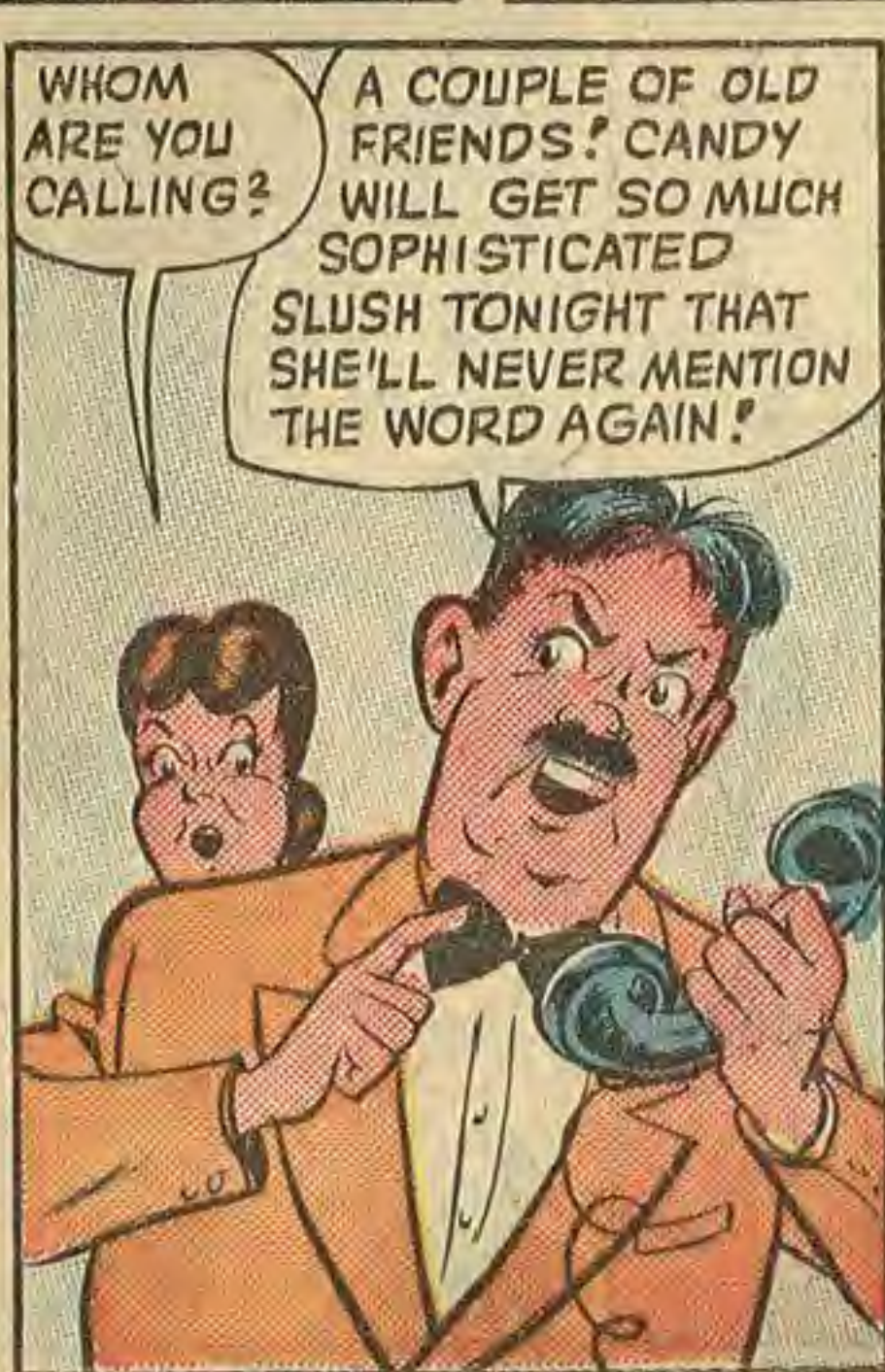
I CAN HARDLY BREATHE IN THIS OLD OUTFIT! BESIDES, I WAS ONLY A KID WHEN I WENT IN FOR RIDING!

KEEP CALM, TIM! IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A LITTLE WHILE! CANDY'S BOUND TO GET BORED WITH HER PLAN!





CANDY



SET TWO MORE PLACES AT THE TABLE, CANDY! YOUR FATHER HAS INVITED SOME VERY INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS TO DINE WITH US THIS EVENING!

HOW SUPER! WE'LL HAVE A REAL DINNER PARTY! TRISH IS HERE, TOO!

I SAY, TIMOTHY, IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! THESE SIMPLE SURROUNDINGS ARE SO REFRESHING! I GET BORED WITH DABBLING IN STOCKS! MONEY MATTERS ARE SO DULL, Y'KNOW!

! ?

WELL, CHAUNCEY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AND HETTA AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! HOW IS LIFE TREATING YOU THESE DAYS?

OH, IT'S QUITE HUMDRUM, REALLY! JUST A ROUND OF SOCIAL TEAS AND FORMAL DINNERS! I'M SIMPLY CHAHMED TO BE IN THIS QUAINT LITTLE TOWN WITH YOU QUAINT... ER, SMALL-TOWN FOLK!

!

M-MAY WE BE EXCUSED, PLEASE? WE HAVE SORT OF AN APPOINTMENT!

OF COURSE, GIRLS!

MY, WHAT PERFECTLY CHAHMING CHILDREN!

A short time later...

HMMH! THOSE FRIENDS OF DADDY'S ARE CERTAINLY A PAIR OF HORRORS! IF THAT'S SOPHISTICATION, I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T GET ANY FURTHER WITH OUR PLAN!

WHAT STUFFY CONVERSATION, TOO! PHOOEY!

SOUNDS PRETTY GRIM!

I HOPE THEY LEAVE SOON SO I CAN GO HOME AND TELL MOMS AND DAD HOW UTTERLY WONDERFUL IT IS TO HAVE THEM JUST AS THEY ARE!

I--I HOPE MY FOLKS COME BACK SO I CAN SAY THE SAME!

HA! HA! THAT WAS THE BEST ACTING I'VE EVER SEEN! I'M SURE GLAD I'VE GOT SOME OLD PALS LIKE YOU IN THE ACTING BUSINESS, BILL! MR. TRAYNOR AND I DREAMED THIS UP TO KEEP OUR DAUGHTERS ON AN EVEN KEEL!

MR. TRAYNOR'S LEFT TOWN TO GIVE US A CLEAR FIELD!

WE NEVER ENJOYED A PERFORMANCE MORE, TIM! WHAT AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE! HAW! HAW!

Amazing

NEW Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

WEATHER FORECASTER



GIFT offer
We will send you a
genuine
**SUN DIAL
WRIST WATCH**
if you order your
Weather House
promptly

SEND NO MONEY

10-day Trial Offer

The Weatherman is so certain you'll be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer—Pay the postman \$1.49 plus postage—test the Weather House for accuracy, watch it closely, see how it works. Then if you're not 100% pleased, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and your money will be refunded in full!

More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out, watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather. Made of genuine plastic—beautifully hand-painted. Fully automatic—will last for years.

Complete — Only \$1.49

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FOR YOUR GIFT SUN
DIAL WRIST WATCH**

The WEATHERMAN

430 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 11, Ill.

The Weatherman, Dept. QA

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- ☐ Rush 1 Mickey Mouse Weather House and sun dial wrist watch.
On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.49—postage prepaid.
- ☐ 2 for \$2.69 ☐ 6 for \$8.00 ☐ 12 for \$15.00

Name _____ (please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**BAMBOOZLING THE
BANK ROBBERS**



WHEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



...AND TELL THE POLICE TO BE THERE WITH GUNS DRAWN! SEE YOU LATER, BOYS...

EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



GOOD THING THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN... NOW TO PLANT THAT SIGN AT THE HIGHWAY TURN-OFF!

AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE-- RIGHT INTO A DEAD END TRAP! BUT THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK--INTO OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK, BOYS! WE SURPRISED THOSE CROOKS WITH A ROYAL RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES GAVE US PLENTY OF SPEED WITH SAFETY. RIGHT, FELLAS? AND, SAY, SPEAKING OF SURPRISES--I'VE GOT A REAL ONE WAITING FOR YOU...



LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING?! LET'S SEE IT, U.S....

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...THERE'S A COPY WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU--AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE DEALER'S!

AFTER ME, TOM...



THE FUN-LOVING FULLERS WHEEL INTO ACTION IN PICNIC PAY-OFF... ALSO, BUTTERFLY, BIKE NEWS, KNUCKLEHEAD BLOOPER, MAINTENANCE, & MORE

GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE...CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



**U.S.
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science